

He looks every inch a sailor in his naval lieutenant's uniform, and many people consider him the handsomest of the Kaiser's sons. He is the one most like his father. Prince Adalbert's manners are charming, and he is equally popular in ballroom and messroom, and like his uncle Prince Henry is a good sailor and officer. At present he holds the rank of a lieutenant, a position gained by hard work, and he neither gets nor wants any favoritism.

Not long ago he was visiting on board his ship in Piræus, the port of Athens, and like most of his comrades was making a night of it at a naval circle, when toward morning one of the officers present, an aide-de-camp to the crown prince of Greece, rose to go, saying: "I must report to the chief pretty soon, as we are to breakfast on the German cruiser."

"Oh!" said Prince Adalbert, who had been preserving a strict incognito, "in that case I must be going too, for the crown prince happens to be my uncle,

and I suppose I must get into some other clothes to meet his royal highness."

The young Princes August Wilhelm and Oscar of Prussia are learning the science of agriculture on practical lines, besides their other studies at Ploen.

A small farm has been placed at the boys' disposal, where, with six of their school-fellows, they dig, hoe and plant. The Kaiserin takes keen interest in her sons' farming, the products of which are purchased at market prices by her majesty. The Kaiser wishes his sons to have a thorough knowledge of an agricultural career, and it is by his instructions that the farm was handed over to them. The princes work hard, but enjoy themselves immensely at the same time. They selected a motto to be placed over the front door of their little farm-house, which runs: "*Nihil melius, nihil homine libero dignius agricultura.*" They are also the proud possessors of a couple of cows, which they have milked several times, and an unlim-

ited number of fowls. To collect a basket of new-laid eggs and send them to their parents is one of the greatest pleasures the princes know. They will soon go to the university at Bonn, and after that will enter the army.

The Kaiser's youngest son, Prince Joachim, was born in 1890. He is the only one of them all who is not robust and healthy. In fact, he is very delicate, and has given his parents much anxiety on account of his health. He is, however, like his brothers, a likely-looking lad, and being fourteen has, according to custom, just been enrolled into the officers' corps of the first foot-guards at Potsdam.

The emperor, in common with all six of his boys, has one great fault, the manner in which he spoils the only daughter and sister in the imperial family, the young Princess Victoria Louise. It is a proverb in Germany that "The Kaiser Rules the Empire, But Prinzesschen Rules the Kaiser."

CHARLES THE CHAUFFEUR

By S. E. Kiser

WHEN I came to be Mrs. Thurlow's shawler," said Mr. Charles, "the first thing she asked me was: 'Mr. Charles, are your nerves steady?'"

"How can I ever forget the sweetness of the dear little woman's voice? Though I wouldn't want her to find out I said so—just now. The next day she told me she wanted me to take her to the park in the runabout, so she could see how I performed. It was a magnificent day. Before we had went a mile—and how red her cheeks were—she said: 'Charles, you seem to know all about it. You might see how near you can come to that old man without hittin' him.'"

"The old gent was just startin' across the street about a hundred yards in front of us when she spoke. I drove ahead full speed and tooted 'im to a standstill. He stopped in the middle of the road, paralyzed. The little machine worked like a charm. I nipped the two buttons from the back of his long coat as clean as you could of done it with a pair of shears. 'Charles,' she said, 'I'm proud of you—I really am. How my poor dead Alfred would of enjoyed that.'"

"You should of saw how sweet her mouth looked when she smiled at me. I made up my mind years ago that I would never get married, knowin' how a man's wife often keeps him down if she can't rise to nobler things with him. My uncle Amzi was a warnin' of sad, 'perhaps it was better so, as long as it had to be. I couldn't of looked him in the face, anyway, after what happened.'"

"We went on through the park, her never so much as givin' an extra wink when we took the short corners. Then's when she told me about the way Alfred's spark went out. I was goin' to turn back toward home after awhile, but she says: 'Charles, I think I'll let you take me out to the Pocahontas club.'"

"So we were soon goin' up the road at a twenty-mile clip, when out jumps a constable with a watch in his hand, hollerin' at us to stop.

"'Mercy!' she says, 'he's goin' to arrest us. What can we do?' 'I'll run over 'im if you say so,' says I.

"'No,' she says, 'he may have a family to support. You must always think of such things, Charles. We mustn't do anything to make them build any more orphan asylums. Orphan asylums make me feel dismal. The people that put them up generally show such poor taste about their archytexture.'"

"We had slowed down, and I asked the chap what he wanted.

"'I've got to arrest you,' says he. 'You've been goin' forty miles an hour.'"

"'Smile at 'im,' I whispered. Then I says to the Reuben:

"'Are you willin' to put that in writin'? Because I want it for advertisin' purposes. It'll be worth a lot to my company.'"

"'Go ahead,' says he, smilin' back at Juliet, and off we went.

"'Charles,' she says, 'you are a very clever man.'"

"'If you'll excuse me for sayin' it,' says I, 'it was your smile that done it.' Turnin' a woman's head's as easy as missin' a train if you know how.

"'You should have saw the Johnnies flock around her at the club. She had all the other girls there beat a hundred miles on looks and style. It was late when we started back, and as we turned down the road she says:

"'Now Charles, you must break the record gettin' me home. I've made a bet with Bertie Flippendike that when he calls me up in forty-seven minutes I'll be there to answer the 'phone.'"

"We'd made about a quarter of the distance in less than seven minutes and had started down a long stretch goin' beautiful, when a farmer drove out of a field and turned up our way. His horses commenced to walk on their hind feet and he waved at us to stop. The nerve of some farmers would make them rich if they had any judgment back of it.

"'Do you think you can get through?' she asked. 'If I can't,' says I, 'it'll be because this machine won't cut meat.'"

"In about three seconds the farmer was under his horses and the wagon in the ditch. I hope the old chap got out of it all right, because I never believe in takin' life where you can help it if you're not tryin' for a new record; but it was his own fault. He might of came out and peeped before turnin' up the road. Luck seemed to be against us, though.

"We'd only gone a few miles further when we come to a place where they'd tore away a bridge over a culvert. It wasn't more than five or six feet wide, but it was deep, and there was no way to go around. There was a board fence handy, though, and I got busy with it. I figured that by pilin' the boards up three or four deep and makin' two tracks we could get over. Just as I got the track fixed a bull chased us; but we got across all right, and the bull fell in the ditch.

"'Charles,' says Juliet, 'you managed that beautiful. How poor, dear Alfred would of enjoyed it.'"

"Juliet's a game little lady. She's the right sort. I like her. We'd of got home five minutes ahead of time if one of our tires hadn't flattened out. When it went off we were slammed against a tree, and I thought at first she was dead. I knowed she'd lose the bet if I stopped to find out about it. So I picked her up and started ahead again, holdin' her with one arm. We were turnin' the corner a block from home when she begin to come to. I was afraid she'd lost the bet, and me the chance to marry a lady with money to use for stufin' the furniture, but as I carried her up the steps I could hear the telephone bell ringin', the butler havin' opened the door.

"'Here,' I says, holdin' her up to the instrument and speakin' soft and gentle, while Mr. Cavendish, the butler, looked as though the blow was goin' to be too much for him, 'Bertie's ringin'.'"

"She took the receiver and with me still holdin' her very tender, says:

"'Hello! Is that you, Bertie? Come around tomorrow and I'll tell you how you lost.'"



"I Nipped the Buttons From the Back of His Coat"



"The Nerve of Some Farmers Would Make Them Rich If They Had Any Judgment"

to me in that respects. Uncle Amzi made a great mistake by marryin' a woman who hadn't the soul to rise with him. She was all right as the wife of a farmer, but when he outgrew the farm and moved to town to run a livery stable she wasn't the woman to take her place beside him in society.

"But I would be willin' to take Juliet and risk everything. Of course I only call her Juliet in private. I have wrote a splendid poem about her. I done it one day on the head of a salt barrel. But I must wait. She has only been a widow a little over a year, and people in society have to show their proper respects about such things. It was very sad the way she lost him. They were tryin' to break the ladies' road record.

"'I was goin' along at about a forty clip,' she says, 'and Alfred was coachin' me. We were goin' down a steep hill, with a sharp curve at the bottom. He told me to go to the right; but I never could tell right from left in a hurry without stoppin' to think which hand I hold my fork in when I eat blue-points, so I went the wrong way. The next thing I knew I was sittin' alone on the green bank of a muck pond. Over near the middle of it there were two things stickin' up in a kind of a V-shape. After awhile I knew they were Alfred's legs. Poor boy! I recognized them by his trousers. Alfred always had such beautiful taste in trousers. Well, in one way,' she says, sighin' kind



"With Me Still Holdin' Her Very Tender"